# The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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## Meeting of the Disciples with their Risen Lord.

IT happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind;
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event.
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more:
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared t' have done—
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else; and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged a share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, "The night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted—sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say?
Did not they burn within us by the way?"

*Cowper.*

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SAID the rain to the snow,
"I give that the flowers may grow."
Said the snow to the rain,
"I give that they may live again,
After the cold and icy weather."
Thus the rain and snow together,
By harmonious action, ever
Work out the All-wise Father's will,
And His divine behests fulfil.

For the Myrtle.

## Janey.

PART II.

AFTER tea Janey cleared everything away, and then washed the tea things, and I watched her, in amaze at her capability. Then she took off her cotton pinafore, and put on one of the favorite aprons. When it grew dark, and every one was talking rather seriously in the parlor, Janey asked my mother to let me go out with her into the next street, where she had to go on an errand, and after many cautions my mother reluctantly consented. How strange everything seemed to me! When we turned into the next street there were two crowds, one surrounding a man who was struggling and swearing whilst being taken to a police station, the other in front of a house where Janey said there must have been a wedding, for some people were giving a serenade by striking large bones on butcher's cleavers, and old tin kettle. This struck me as being something very low, and I remember wondering how it was that Janey should be living amongst, and familiar with, what was low and common, and yet not be at all

low or common herself. Said I, "are you not frightened at this horrid crowd, Janey? I am."

"No, dear, I never pay any attention, and walk straight on. I try not to hear. I should never be able to do anything for mother if I got frightened, for there is always something happening on this street, and numbers of wicked people about, but they never come near me."

I thought of a legend I had read of some saint who walked unharmed amidst fiends, and terrors of every description, and I told Janey all about it, and said she was the saint.

"Oh no," she replied very seriously, "I only wish that I could even be a good girl, but I am so naughty, and forget things, and want my own way, but if I tried to do right all the time that could never happen."

"Oh Janey! only think how disobedient and wilful I am!"

"Yes, dear, I know that sometimes you are so, but then you are so kind to me, and I love you so much, that it seems to me just the same as if you were always good."

"Janey! what makes you talk so much like the children in religious books who die young? though they always seem to me to be little hypocrites, and you are not at all hypocritical. But wouldn't it be awful to die young? People who wear night caps in the day time, and take snuff, and have crutches or walking sticks in their rooms, can't mind it so much, because they are so old, and must have got used to expecting it, but little girls like you and me! Isn't it dreadful to think of?"

"I don't think its dreadful to die," said Janey, "the suffering, when it is over, would be done with for good, and I know I shall go to heaven, because God loves me, and I love him, though I don't do everything I ought to, but He knows when I try."

"But supposing you did not try?"

"Then, some day I should remember how often I had grieved Him, and that would be punishment enough for me."

"Then you never feel afraid of God?"

"Oh no, indeed I never do."

"Well I nearly always do, because I know that I would rather have my own way than try to obey Him, and He can't be pleased with that, you know, Janey."

"Oh! but you must try, dear. When you give up some book to me because you know I want to read it, although you give it up, it is a pleasure to you to do it, and if you could give it up for God, it would be a pleasure too."

"It does not seem as it it could be. I know that I love you but——"

"Oh! you must love God, because you cannot help remembering all that he has done to make you happy."

"Well, you will think me dreadfully wicked, but sometimes I feel as if it would be a sort of interference for Him to punish me, when I am disobedient to papa and mamma, for they can punish me themselves, and let me off too, if they forgive me."

"Well," said Janey with a thoughtful look, "I never heard any one say that before, but God is your owner, and your mother's owner, and your father's, just as my cat's kittens belong to me, as well as the old cat, and I scold the kittens if they are mischievous, though they have the old cat to take care of them."

"Oh! Janey, you can't understand me; there are thousands of things I could say to you, only you would never quite know exactly what I meant."

"Perhaps not," replied Janey, "but I wish you could love God as you do your father and mother."

"I couldn't, it wouldn't seem right. I don't know Him either,—I never saw Him."

"But yet He gives you things every day and every night, and you are glad to take them. He makes your parents love you, and He keeps them alive."

"Yes, I know when I am thinking it all over, how much I love him, and what wonderful things He does, but it seems more like admiration than love with me, and that is not what you feel, for I suppose, that if anything, you love God a little more than you do your parents."

Janey blushed and said, "that she knew she ought to, but she was afraid she did not, or perhaps it was in a different way, for she said things for fun, and gave pet names to her father and mother, but of course no one would ever think of such a thing with God. He was too great and mysterious for any one to dare to want to."

Here our conversation ended, and when we arrived at Janey's house we found Mrs. Havill packing up some things for Janey's wear during her stay with us.

Janey's brother Thomas, whom I felt too proud to notice much, but whom Janey greeted affectionately, enquiring why he had not been home to tea, was sent to fetch a cab for us, and when

he returned with one, quite a crowd of children assembled to watch us stepping in toit.

"There goes Miss Janey Havill! Isn't she grand?" said one of them with a grimace, at which Thomas gave the speaker a box on the ear, and Janey cried out "Oh please don't, Thomas dear."

I slept all the way home, and was undressed and put to bed without waking, and in the morning I should have thought that I had only dreamed all about the previous day, had it not been for Janey who was by my side. She had been crying in her sleep, and the tears had left stains on her cheek. When she awoke and wanted to kiss me, I hastily withdrew from her. I was afraid lest her cheeks should touch mine. She looked surprised and hurt.

"What is the matter, Clelia? Have I offended you?"

"Oh, no, nothing's the matter," but I would not kiss her until she had washed her face, and then I went up to her and said laughingly.

"Good morrow fair Janey! permit me to salute you!" but Janey gave me a very sad look as she returned my kiss, and that look I have never forgotten, though a few moments after we were as if nothing had ever happened to disturb the harmony that reigned between us.

"The next day and on several other days we were taken to the studio of Geminiamo Mundici, an Italian artist, to sit to him for some figures of children in his picture of "Christ blessing the little ones." Signor Mundici's studio was in the house of Gavioli the great organ builder, and Signor Gavioli himself would often take us to see "the monster organ" in a room by itself, which it seemed to fill, and lifting one of us up would tell us to touch a spring, and upon our doing so the organ would pour forth with all the power of a full brass band, the most enchanting operatic airs, that changed repeatedly, without our being able to perceive that Signor Gavioli touched anything. Then he would show us the mechanism inside which was in part, at least, as far as I can remember, that of a musical box, only on an extremely large scale. Then we saw the wooden pipes inside some barrel organs, and were allowed to turn the handles, and we were always somewhat astonished to find that we could produce the airs of "Casta Diva," "Mira Norma," and "Jeanette and Jeanot" just as though we were real organ men in the streets! but I think that we enjoyed the most, a large organ meant to go on wheels, that had little figures which appeared to be performing on all sorts of musical instruments, and next to that a smaller organ that had tiny men and women waltzing in and out of a room.

Of an evening Janey would get me to draw and paint for her little children at parties, and fairy scenes, whilst she drew for me houses with diamond shaped tiles, and quantities of smoke coming out from the chimneys, and rows of horses and carriages, the horses showing both eyes in profile, in a most extraordinary manner, as did also their drivers. There was one thing about Janey that I could not understand or sympathize in, and that was that she liked to do sewing, and would sometimes leave even drawing, to hem a frill or a pocket handkerchief. This was a very happy visit for both of us, but it was the last I ever had from Janey. One day Mrs. Read came to our house with the mournful news that my dear little friend had died of scarlet fever.

"She is an angel now," said Mrs. Read, and I believed it. And in the darkness of the night, with heart broken sobs, I exclaimed, "Forgive me, Janey dear, for being so unkind that morning when your face was wet with crying. Oh! do forgive me." *Clelia Lega Weeks.*

## A Hint to Grumblers.

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It is the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them, but they are all sweet to my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

NO MAN was ever more fond of healthful sport than Martin Luther; and no man could make better time on all fours, with a child on his back, than could Lyman Beecher. But what grand work they did for Christ and his church!" We confess that we like to see a playful spirit in any person who has anything to do with children.

## The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that it is fair?" said he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
I shall bring them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise;
He bound them in his sheaves.

"The Lord has need of the flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled:
Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

"And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love:
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.

*Longfellow.*

## Because it is Right.

A teacher of a week-day school, who was in the habit of giving a half-hour each day to familiar moral instruction, once asked his pupils the question, "Why is it better to do right than wrong?" He gave the boys a few moments to think, requesting them, as their custom, when they had an answer, to raise their hands.

In a short time a number of hands were raised; and the teacher, calling upon a bright, go-ahead-looking lad, asked,—

"Well Rufus, what is your answer?"

"Because we'll be first-rate fellows," replied the boy.

"Explain a little," said Mr. Stevens.

"Why, we'll be the kind to get along well in the world."

Ambition was marked trait in the character of Master Rufus; and he had answered accordingly. This is not a bad trait, if duly directed, and kept under the governance of higher principles; and Mr. Stevens took occasion, at a fitting time, to show this to the boy.

"Because we'll be happier," was the reply of another.

"Very true; but there is a higher motive yet."

"We'll please teacher," said Hugh Blake.

And a very little fellow said, "Mother gives us nice things when we bring home good tickets;" so he showed his love of reward.

"We get into trouble mostly when we do wrong," replied timid Jamie, with whom fear of puuishment was a strong characteristic.

"All these motives influence us more or less, said the teacher; "but there is still a higher one. Arthur, what say you?" he added, addressing a frank-looking boy; who stood up, and modestly answered,—

"Because it is right, sir."

Love of right for its own sake was Arthur's governing motive; and he showed it in school by respect and obedience to his teacher; on the playground by kindness and unselfishness; and at home in the same manner, being ever ready to help his parents and the younger children whenever opportunity presented.

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A BRIGHT little girl in Williamsport, having been desired to write a sentence introducting the word "carrion," presented the following to her teacher: "Bad children often carri-on in church when they ought to be quiet."

For the Myrtle.

## St. Peter's Easter Morn.

IS Easter mentioned in the Bible? Once, by this name, and once only. Do you know where it is?

It is in the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where the translators have used the name Easter for the anniversary day of Christ's resurrection. And you will find the events there recorded of St. Peter, a beautiful Easter-story to read.

We knew not how many years it was after the death of Jesus, but his disciples were still a small band, everywhere persecuted, with only God and the holy truth on their side.

"About that time Herod the king stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword. And because it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. (Then were the days of unleavened bread.)

That is, this was during the feast of the Passover, or as Christians call it, Passion week.

"And when Herod had apprehended Peter, he put him in prison and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending *after Easter* to bring him forth to the people.

"Peter therefore was kept in prison, but *prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God* for him.

"And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison.

"And behold the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.

"And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals; and so he did. And he said unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.

"And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision.

"When they were past the first and the second ward" (that is, the soldiers on guard at the doors) "they came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out, and passed on, through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him.

"And when Peter was come to himself he said, Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent his angel and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.

"And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary, the mother of John whose surname was Mark; *where many were gathered together praying.*

"And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda.

"And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in and told how PETER stood before the gate.

"And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was so. Then said they, It is his angel!

"But Peter continued knocking; and when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished.

"But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of prison."

And this was St. Peter's Easter morn!

Is it not a beautiful story? And does it not show the power of faithful prayer unto God?

And why was St. Peter imprisoned on that Easter eve?

Only because he had dared to "preach through Jesus, the resurrection of the dead."

## Foolish Peepity.

THEN little chicky-bids all in a heap,
Old mother Biddy sits, tired, asleep:
The rain will be coming, the bumble-bee sings,
Wise chicky-biddies, keep under old wings.

Foolish young Peepity puts out his head,
Says "The rain is not coming, I'll not go to bed:
The sun hid, ashamed of the bumble-bee's lie,
I'm not going to stay here for scarecrows, not I."

Tip-toeing, Peepity came from the nest,
Out from the down of his fond mother's breast,
Stretched his slim legs, with a gape, and a hop,
Shook his wee wings with a quivering flop.

Tipped up his head with a rowdyish wink,
Said, "Master Hoppergrass, what do you think,
The race to be run is between you and I—
You'll make a good supper for me by-and-by."

Away went the grasshopper, hippe-te-hop;
Away went young Peepity, flippe-te-flop;
Away, quite the length of the chick-people's mile,
Away through the yard, away down the stile.

Up went the grasshopper, up with a spring,
High o'er the head of the foolish young thing;
Foolishly chasing him down to the stile,
After his supper, ran a chick-people's mile.

Then while the grasshopper whetted his saw,
High on a hopper tree, high on a straw,
Poor little Peepity, out in the night,
Asked of the fire-fly, "Lend me your light."

Fire-fly heard him not, down came the rain,
Peepity called his Ma, called her in vain;
Morn awoke, Peepity was found stark and dead,
"Died from disobedience," the hen-jury said.

*Little Sower.*

## A Cure for Anger.

Two little sisters, one seven and the other five years old, were playing together, when a little difference arose between them. Lucy, the elder, feeling that anger was rising, said:

"I am getting angry; I had better go out of the room for a few minutes."

She went out, and soon returned with all the angry feelings gone.

How she spent the few minutes I think most of our little readers will know.

Lucy had not read her Bible in vain; she knew the meaning of these sweet and encouraging words: "Ask, and it shall be given;" and many times had she found them to be true when fighting against her naturally hasty temper.

How many sad scenes would be avoided if all children would follow the example of little Lucy!

If any one offend you, before answering, try to call to mind this golden sentence: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." If you attend to it, you will save yourself hours of regret and repentance.

## Resurrection Day.

The children will have learned in their Sunday School to-day, before they receive their paper, what the day is called and why it is commemorated. In the beautiful spring when all nature is rising from the death of winter, on Sunday morning ere the break of day, Jesus came forth from his tomb in the garden; to show us that, having laid down his life he could take it again, and that as he lives, we shall live also.

If any day can be more joyful to Christian believers than the Christmas day when the Saviour came into this life, it is the Easter day that commemorates his return to that immortal lifewhere we hope to see and know him hereafter. The fact that he showed himself, alive, to his disciples, after he was dead, is our pledge that all our loved ones, whom we have laid in the grave, are also alive; and as he ascended up into heaven, so they, borne by angels, have reached that blest abode.

Look aloft! the spirit's risen,—
Death cannot the soul imprison;
'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

## Easter Eggs.

Many of our Sunday School children, especially in the West, know that the German children have a fashion of making presents of colored eggs at Easter. They probably do not know what it means, nor did I, until I found a pretty story about it, translated from the German by Rev. Dr. Sawyer. I do not know whether the story is strictly true or not, but I will give in brief what it tells about the Easter eggs. The little book may be found in many of our Sunday School libraries.

There was once a Count, who was at war with a neighboring Count, and his wife and two children were obliged to flee from their castle. They went to live in a secluded valley where no one knew their name or rank. The lady was very kind to the dwellers in the valley, and they come to love her very much. For years, while her husband was at war, she remained hidden in the valley and busied herself with good works.

The people were very simple and ignorant and had few comforts. Among other things they had never kept hens, or seen them, and knew nothing of eggs but the little birds' eggs.

The good lady sent her servant secretly on a journey and he returned with eggs. and fowls. She was soon able to distribute them to all her neighbors.

On Christmas the good lady gathered all the children of the valley, and gave them apples and nuts. But when the Easter days came and she wanted them to come and hold the festival with her children she could think of nothing so rare to give them as eggs. "Eggs are the first fruit of the reviving year," she said.

"Yes," said the old servant, "but if they were only of bright colors like other fruits, not white like the snow."

"It is a good thought," the lady said. "In cooking them I will adorn them with bright colors, and they shall look like fruit."

So she boiled them in water colored with roots and mosses. Some were blue, some yellow, others red as roses. Some she decked with green leaves and delicate figures, and on these she put a motto.

One of the plays she taught the children in the garden was to make nests of green leaves and mosses. What these were for they did not know, but while they were at dinner the servant slipped out and put all the pretty eggs in these nests.

I cannot tell you how charming the whole festival was, but I will give you some of the mottoes on the flowered eggs, of which each child had one.

Of one thing, child, be heedful;
To love God is needful.

God sees thy heart
Where'er thou art.

For food and drink
The Giver thank.

Be thankful to Heaven
For what it has given.

Trust God in need,
He helps indeed.

Who loves the Lord
Obey his word.

Industry and prayer
Are medicines for care.

Love, faith and prayer,
Three jewels rare.

Keep the heart pure, my child
And the hands undefiled.

Let modesty
Thy mantle be.

Who ever believes
The child that deceives?

Idleness
Brings distress.

A Christian man
Helps where he can.

Who does good
Has cheery mood.

Pleasure wanes,
Virtue remains.

Be prepared for the call
That is coming for all.

A poor boy was on his way home with his store of colored eggs and his egg with the motto. When he came to a deep ravine he heard a horse neigh, and found that the horse with his rider, a noble squire, had fallen over the abyss. He scrambled down and found the squire, nearly starved; and as he had no food but the pretty eggs, he gave him these to eat. When they came to the egg with the motto,

"Trust God in need,
He helps indeed,"

the squire was deeply moved, and would not have it broken, but gave the lad two gold pieces for it; and kept it as a momento of the saving of his life.

The squire carried the egg with him when he returned to his master who was no other than the Count, the good lady's husband. When the Count saw it, he knew that she must be living in that valley. So by this egg with the beautiful motto, he found his wife and children after years of separation.

Great was the joy in the valley when they found out who the noble lady was, and that she was again united to her lord. And

the Count made a great festival, at which he declared to the people,

"I will establish an institution in memory of the residence of my wife among so good a people. Every year, at Easter, eggs of all colors shall be distributed among all the children of the valley."

And I said the Countess, "will introduce the custom into our whole earldom, and there also, in memory of my deliverance, shall colored eggs be, every year at Easter, distributed among the children," and this was done. The eggs were called *Easter Eggs*, and the beautiful custom spread through the whole country.

## Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON LIV.—PAUL.

*Question.*—How long did Paul remain in Cæsarea, before accusers came from Jerusalem?

*Answer.*—Acts xxiv. 1.

*Q.*—What charges were made against him?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 5.

*Q.*—What was the especial charge?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 6.

*Q.*—What did his accuser pretend would have been done, had not the chief captain interfered?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 6, 7.

*Q.*—What did the Jews present, say to these charges?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 9.

*Q.*—When Paul made answer to these charges, for what did he express thankfulness?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 10.

*Q.*—What did he say he went to Jerusalem for?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 11 and 17.

*Q.*—What did he declare they had not found him doing in the Temple?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 12.

*Q.*—What did he assert to be his belief in the scriptures?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 14.

*Q.*—What was his faith in a future life?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 15.

*Q.*—In what manner did he declare he had conducted himself in the Temple?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 18.

*Q.*—What did he say the Jews who saw him in the Temple, should have done?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 19.

*Q.*—They not being present, what was the duty of those Jews who were present?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 20.

*Q.*—What thing alone could they charge him with?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 21.

*Q.*—Felix having been governor for many years in Judea, what could he understand?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 22.

*Q.*—What did he say he would do?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 22.

*Q.*—How did Felix order St. Paul to be treated?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 23.

*Q.*—Why did he frequently call Paul in, to have interviews with him?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 26.

*Q.*—How long before a new governor was appointed?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 27.

*Q.*—In what condition did Felix leave Paul, when he surrendered his office?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 27.

*Q.*—Why did he leave Paul bound?

*A.*—Acts xxiv. 27.

NOTE. Serious charges had been made at Rome, against Felix, for violating his duty as governor; and as these charges were made by the Jews, Felix left Paul a prisoner, to please them, hoping they would be induced by it to withdraw the charges of which he, no doubt, was guilty.

## Answer.

MARCH 28 Plagues, Rod, Obedience, Magicians, Israelites, Serpent, Egyptians, Slaves. *Promises.*


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